

Psalm 102

4. ¹⁰This, Lord, me happeneth for thine ire,
And for thy wrath so hot as fire:
For thou in high estate me placed,
And down to dust again hast cast.
¹¹My days are like the fading shade:
I like the withered grass am made.
¹²But Lord, thou still abidest sure,
Thy memory for ay doth 'dure.⁵³
5. ¹³Thou wilt arise for Zion hill,
And grant thy mercy her until:
For lo, the time, the time (I say)
Of mercy, Lord, is come this day.
¹⁴For in her stones, thy servants lust:
And pity take upon her dust.
¹⁵So shall the heathen fear thy name,
And earthly kings thy glorious fame.
6. ¹⁶What time the Lord shall Zion rear,
And in his glory shall appear.
¹⁷And to the desolate him bend,
Despising not their suit t'attend.
¹⁸This shall be written for the race,
That after shall succeed in place:
Yea, the people yet uncreated,
The Lord's renown abroad shall spread.
7. ¹⁹For from his holy temple high,
The Lord our God hath cast his eye:
From heaven the earth behold did he.
²⁰The prisoners' groans to hear and see,
And set the damned free from care.
²¹That they in Zion may declare,
This holy name of God always
And in Jerusalem his praise.
8. ²²When to convene the folk accord,
And kingdoms all to serve the Lord.
²³My strength he 'bated in the ways
And shorter cut my life and days.
²⁴Wherefore I said, my God most high,
In midst my life let me not die:
Thy years eternally endure,
From age to age abiding sure.
9. ²⁵Thou in times past the earth didst ground,
Thine handiwork the heavens are found.
²⁶They perish shall, thou standing still.
They shall wax old as garments will.
Thou changing them they so shall bide.
²⁷But thou art one whose years not slide.
²⁸Thy servants' sons for aye shall last
And in thy sight their feet stand fast.

⁵³ Endure.